

TENTH YEAR.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 12, 1893.

NUMBER 3327.

OUR BIG POSEY BED

It Contains a Giant Lily and Very Wonderful Plants.

SEEDS GIVEN FOR THE ASKING

How Congressmen Get a Little Botany by Way of Variety Along With Other Perquisites.

In this age of retrenchment and curtailment of expense many may ask why the United States should support a botanical garden. Perhaps some of the most zealous advocates for cutting down the expenses of the national government might ask why the tract of between eight and nine acres almost under the dome of the capitol, where the land is worth at least five dollars a square foot, cannot be sold and the money turned into the treasury or the land used as a building site for the new buildings which are constantly being erected in the city for municipal and governmental use. This, however, is a paternal government. The nation believes in the education and culture of its citizens, and it is safe to say that as long as this principle prevails the botanical garden will continue to act, as it has in the past, as an educator not only to the citizens of this city but to the thousands of visitors who year by year admire its beauties, and gain new inspirations and love for the cultivation of flowers.

If you were newly-elected member of congress and have not been initiated into the full scope of your perquisites,

that time into the large conservatories of which there are several in the garden. The plants have been improved by the rain and sunshine of the summer months, and after October 10 they remain indoors securely protected from frosts and heavy winds.

The largest of all the conservatories is the palm house with its immense dome-shaped roof. The building has to be a large one to accommodate some of the immense palms which it contains, many of which are forty feet high. Here you will find palms from Mexico, Brazil, Central America, South America, New Guinea, Australia, New South Wales and the South Sea Islands; palms with long trunks, palms with long leaves, with broad leaves, with long leaves and with short leaves, that you read and forget with an ease that is wonderful. So that the most you carry away with you is a memory that you have seen the largest variety of palms in the world.

In the large basin, ninety feet in diameter, is the Bartholdi fountain, which was purchased at the Centennial exposition of 1876 by the library committee for the botanical garden. The fountain is of cast iron and cost six thousand dollars. When the size and weight is considered it seems that art productions of this kind come very cheap by the pound, or, in other words, you purchase the material at a fair market value, and the art is thrown in. In the basin of the Bartholdi fountain grows the Victoria Regia, the largest species of water lily in the world. The lily is an annual and as the season in Washington is too brief for the lily to reach its maturity, the seed has to be imported each year. The plant is a native of Brazil, and the seeds are imported in water, for were they kept dry during the length of time which would be required for transportation the seeds

would be worthless. In August the Victoria Regia is in its full glory, and it is during this month that the amateur photographer delights himself in posing a small child upon one of the immense leaves. By this novel experiment we are better able to judge of the size of this giantess of the lily family.

Among the other wonders of the botanical gardens is a large bed of elephant grass, which grows to the height of eighteen or twenty feet. As a rapid growing plant this grass seems to be first in its class, but during the winter season it dies down to the roots. When in blossom the bed looks like a small section of jungle transplanted to American soil.

The trees in the botanical gardens have been selected more with a view to their adaptability to the soil and climate and to their worth as shade trees, rather than to illustrate peculiar kinds or varieties of trees, and altogether the general effect of the tree planting has been very successful, in that the requisite amount of shade has been secured as well as a harmonious touch of general embellishment of the garden.

In appearance, Mr. Smith resembles you of the typical picture of the English squire. He is far above the average height, square shouldered, has silver gray hair and a pleasant voice.

Though born in Scotland, his long residence in this country has thoroughly impressed him with the superiority of America as a place of residence, and a little of the Scottish accent can be discerned in his speech, and his love for the land of his birth, and one of his sons is exhibited in the hobby which has placed him at the head of the list of Barnsonian collectors.

With every department of this kind, much interest always centers about the person in charge. The general oversight of the botanical gardens is vested in the library committee, so that the garden is under the direct supervision of congress. But the superintendent, Mr. W. R. Smith, is the person in immediate charge of the garden, and his popularity is evidenced by the number of years he has occupied this position.

Here in the quiet beauty of this wonderful garden is a man on the down hill side of life who has the most wonderful collection of books, magazines and poems relating to flowers, horses that can be found. Wonderful, because its collection has been the work of a lifetime, because some of the volumes are so rare that they are almost priceless and because he has also collected magazines, pamphlets and everything in the line of delights that can illustrate the life of the poet and the events with which he was identified and the times in which he lived.

As you leave the gardens and go out on that busy thoroughfare, Pennsylvania avenue, it is hard to realize that in the center of the national capital there is hidden away such a resting place for the eyes and the tired mind, where you can see 44 much of the flower kingdom, gathered from all portions of the world, so near at hand to the busy street and where none are hurried, but where all can rest, and a vision of simplicity and the good things of this world flower garden.

UP NEXT TO ROYALTY

Bill Nye Mingles With British Aristocracy in London.

HE HOBNOBS WITH CLARENCE

Nye Says That Clarence Likes Him Because He Is Such a Good Provider, and Eating Is Clarence's Point.

[Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.]
No. 4, HAZELWOOD MANOR, SUTTON COURT ROAD, NEAR KINGS HIGHWAY, CARE MISS PRESLEY, LONDON, GREAT BRITAIN, WEST CENTRAL, ENGLAND, Oct. 28, 1893.

The above was my address for a week, but now I have changed it. I also turned it upside down and cut off one of the domes in the back. I am now living near Buckingham palace, where the queen lives at. I go over every day to see how her lawn is doing. I told her



I LET HIM EAT WITH ME.

garden that I had just gone through the business and could give her points, so he and I are planting the bald places on her lawn. The weather has been so dry, every one says, that lawns have all suffered. Still it doesn't seem to be so blistering dry to me. I have never allowed myself to be five minutes from my umbrella since I came, and the poor cowering sweepers who keep the mud off so one can get on the other side win my sympathy and keep me out of change. In fact, instead of changing things I am "changing sovereigns," in the language of a Texan whom I met on this side.

Clarence, my valet, is still with me. He points out what I ought to eat and then eats it. I certainly never saw a man with such a groping for food, such a yearning for groceries, cereals and endogenous asparagus.

He took a vacation the other day and went into the country about eight or ten miles, which simply takes one into a muddier part of London, but he came home to his meals, and after eating us out of house and home returned to his place.

It is very hard for an American gentleman to know how to treat a valet. I've had Clarence two weeks now, and all that he has done so far was to reach up my back for a suspender that had escaped me. He said he could shave me when I engaged him, and he could if I did not regret it so after he did it. He got me in a chair upholstered with horse hair cloth, and which I fell out of twice while he was working my face into place by means of my nose, then he shaved me with a razor that was captured during the Crimean war, and I can truly say that Plan Levi, Patton avenue, Asheville, North Carolina, U. S. A., in his best flights of genius could not approach Clarence. Plumb might have been as good in the matter of texture, but he never had the preceding generations of that sort of thing to help him.

I've a good notion to retire Clarence for he has got after all a degree of appetite and dignity which make people mistake him for the gentleman of the two. Possibly it's partly, too, because I'm 15 years younger than he and naturally more friskier and debonair.

The second morning after I took these lodgings I did not get my boots (the blacker down stairs, and so I went down myself. The blacker said that he did not black servants' shoes. He mistook me for Clarence.

A kind Creator gave Clarence dignity to make up for his gnawing hunger. I let him eat with me, for I actually suffer when I have to eat alone. The kind, hospitable Englishman looks out for my diners, but the breakfasts are especially lonesome without Clarence. He has done well for me, among them an American and two Australians. He likes me the best, he says, because I am a better provider. As he sort of directs my diet so that I won't get the gout, which threatened me for 10 days and nights, he makes suggestions which suit him.

For breakfast we take a sole, with a boiled egg, toast, coffee, and possibly some liver and bacon, with applesauce, which is fivepence the bottle. Then for lunch at 1:30 we have a beautiful mackerel—not a fossil mackerel, with his bosom full of brine, but a tender, blue eyed mackerel, with a radiant complexion and genuine good feeling. Then a big juicy steak, with brown gravy. Oh, sir, no eyes, but that steak and that gray make England look good to me, and I am willing to let bygones be bygones. Then there is fine old stout cheese, with what I used to call a cracker, but now a biscuit. Also celery and Brussels sprouts, with a little of Burgundy, because water here is only used externally.

Then at 6:30 we have dinner. I have the choice of paying for it and Clarence eats it. It is a fine broiled fish after some anchovies and pea soup. Then a joint and a bird with a bottle of Moselle and sweets. Sweets are mostly tarts. I've never eaten one. They look like a medallion in paste and gossamer, and I've often thought that if I had most gracious majesty (Queen of Great Britain, Empress of India and tamer of Ireland) would some day while I'm up at her place for dinner decorate me with one of them. I'd wear it on my breast forever.

Then Mr. Edwin Arnold, a few days ago in Piccadilly, and the following day saw a woman on New Street in him in the Telegraph in America, will generally to

local songs like the "Swanee River," comparing our local songs with those of the Scotch, the Irish, French, Italian, and so forth. When he says our scenery is "stringy," however, I say that his own is very tart. Here follows Arnold's piece:

These thoughts come to me, remembering something that happened in a long journey which I took last year between New York and New Orleans, going round by the north and following what is called by enterprising railway advertisers the "Shortest route." Train traveling in the states is wonderfully well organized and fairly comfortable for long trips, but it cannot be said that the average scenery of the great republic is beautiful or interesting. There is an aspect about the general American landscape which can be best defined as "stringy." The trees are spindly, the wild growth of woods and wastes is ragged, and even in some of the prettier combinations of hills and valleys, the landscape is so stringy that it defies the prospect and makes the land seem like a collection of cactuses in memory of the Mojave forests.

Wherever you get out of the large and well built towns and cities, the country regions are full of mean and ugly wooden houses made of weather board, and as you go farther south these degenerate into ramshackle shacks which point upon their roofs the names of patent medicines in staving letters, or negro shanties scarcely more human in appearance than the better when the train crosses into North Carolina, and you run down by Hendersonham and Raleigh, Spartanburg, Columbia and Augusta, through South Carolina.

Then, subdued by the absence of forest and feathered life in the desolated rural districts of the north, you have with pleasure the hazy and the hazy hovering in the sky, the wild forest clustering upon the hills and swamps, and in the forests squirrels and chipmunks playing about, with perhaps a deer or two. The typography of the landscape is a welcome change from the five oak and maple and fir, and the negro population, growing denser, lends an interesting feature to the desolated journey.

Further south your train goes "marching through Georgia," and you begin to feel the influence of a subtropical latitude in the vegetation and character of the common life. Types of the southerner and his belongings enter and leave the carriage and divert by the novelty of their ideas and language, while the odd mixture of American with Italian, French and classical names for the towns entertains you in passing from Columbia to Augusta, Augusta to Macon, Macon to Vienna and Abbeville, and so by to Ocala, Tallahassee, and per, Live Oak, Tallahassee, and dozens of strangely entitled spots, to Bristol.

But it is all somewhat tedious in its monotony, and the landscape of the south is not so special scenery, where the Spanish moss swings upon the dark forest trees, and the palmetto droops from the lagoons, and over the interminable sea tangles between Appalachee bay and New Orleans dignified of long tailed black shrikes and gray crows fill the air, and the stagnant water swarms with catfish and alligators. I like America, and have good reason to like her, but look back upon the greater part of that prodigious journey with the recollection of a failure and cannot such a few railway trips ever left behind.

As you get westward, between New Orleans and the Pacific coast, passing through Louisiana and the lumbered deserts of southern Texas, things are different. Vast as is the monotony there also you cannot pass for the first time across the Colorado river and through the canyons of the Apache mountains to El Paso and the Rio Grande without pleasure in studying the extraordinary landscapes. It is another world from that which you have traversed when you rattled along through the curious thickets of candleabra cactus on the Llano Estacado of New Mexico, and thence to Arizona and the wonderful foothills of lower California.

I do not know where Hendersonham is, but imagine he means Hendersonville. We are grateful for what he says of North Carolina and the railroad, but we dislike what he says of the "stringy" scenery. That is not the fault of nature, for it is beautiful and prosperous to look at. The farmers who have sold their very roofs to parveyors of mandrake pills, who are such by special appointment to his royal dullness the Prince of Wales, will never come to a good end.

Still that is pleasant to me than the scenery about the underground railway. Did you ever get in a cheap car—down cellar where the sun has never dried the mud that Julius Caesar brought with him from Rome, and where the same old air is still stagnating, filled with the sulphur and sewer gas that Brutus complained of in the county papers 1,108 years B. C., over the signature of Pro Bono Publico? If not, you should do so then.

I hate to pick a quarrel with a poet who is older and smarter in every way than I, but I'd rather ride along long tailed shrikes and stringy trees that are just "doing the best they can" than to

GAVE A FRIDAY HOP

Miss Maud Withey Informally Entertains for Her Guest.

DOINGS IN POLITE SOCIETY

What the Select World Has Done and Will Do to Entertain Itself—Personally.

Miss Maud Withey of South College avenue entertained in an informal manner a dancing party on Friday night in honor of her guest, Miss Southworth, of Ithaca, New York. The music was furnished by Wellenstein. The guests were the Misses Southworth, Mabel Waters, Jessie Ball, Myra Wonderly, May Robinson, Grace Remington, Lena Remington, Cora Hinsdill, Helen Shepard, Carrie Cobb, Becker of Seneca Falls, New York, Carrie Parker, Ella McCoy, Stella Champlin, Bessie Herkner, Bessie Widdicombe, May Widdicombe, Miss Richards of Chicago, Julia Hawkins, Grace Granby, Helen Putnam, Estelle Putnam, Severance, Clara Wood, Donna Moore, Jessie Sisson, Bessie Barnett, Zilla Eaton, Messrs. Charles Withey, Ralph Widdicombe, Ben Robinson, A. D. Bathison, Ed Avery, F. Marshall, Jack Avery, Crocker, Cass and Littleton Shelby, Burn Hazeltine, Frank Marshall, Randolph Hawkins, Will and Carroll Perkins, James Barnett, Robert Griswold, Bert Cobb and friend, John Seymour, Fred Deane, O. Hughart, Will Granger, Louis Cody, Cass Shelby, John Faulkner, Harvey Wonderly, Littleton Shelby, Charles Fox, Chester Shepard, David Uhl, John Rodgett, Roland Lowe, Robert Barnard, Harry Ogden.

Kaffee Kranchen.

Mrs. Charles L. Grinnell of North College avenue entertained the Kaffee Kranchen on Friday afternoon. The club meets on alternate Fridays at the homes of the different members. At these meetings the conversation is entirely in German and for each English word introduced the offender is fined 10 cents, the fines being given to the children's home. The same sum is paid by each member at the club meetings, the amount going to the same charity. The lunches served are after the fashion of the German high teas. Only members who are natives of Germany or who have lived and studied for a certain time in that country are eligible to membership. The meeting Friday afternoon was the first one of the club this year and Mrs. Grinnell was again chosen president and Mrs. Orth secretary. The members are Messdames Grinnell, Orth, Walter Hughes, Kauter, Kiefer, Willard, Milmine, Loelgart, May, Pressburg, Rosenthal, Wurzburg, Wilson, Kutsche, and the Messrs. Kramer, Kuster, Lehnartz, Nelson, Putnam, Parsons and Wolcott. Miss Putnam will entertain the club on Friday, the 24th of November.

COUNTRY CLUB DANCE.

On Monday night a number of the young society women of the city gave an informal dancing party at the Country club house. Wellenstein furnished music and supper was served. The entertainers were Mrs. Fred Ball, Mrs. Lucius E. Torrey and the Misses Valera, Remington, Withey, Wonderly, Robinson, Cobb, Barnett, May and Bessie Widdicombe, Frouser, Champlin, McQueen and Hinsdill. Among the guests were Messrs. Charles Fox, Cobb, Hawkins, Griswold, Cass, Shelby, John McQueen, Bob Barnard, James Bennett, Burn Hazeltine, Ed and Jack Avery, Lucius Torrey and Fred Ball.

Mrs. Torrey's Reception.

Mrs. Lucius E. Torrey gave the first of her November receptions on Tuesday afternoon and evening. She was assisted by Mrs. Fred Ball, Mrs. Fred Tinkham and the Misses Remington, Parker and Hillyer. Miss Waters, Miss Hillyer and Miss Richards received with her in the evening. Many guests paid their compliments to the pretty young bride, who was crowned in white and yellow silk and velvet. On next Tuesday Miss Prentiss, Miss Ball, Miss Widdicombe and Miss Hillyer will receive with Mrs. Torrey.

Mrs. Kelsey's Pedro Party.

Mrs. Charles R. Kelsey of Kansas street gave a Pedro party last night in honor of Miss Donna Moore. The guests were Miss Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Forbush, Mr. and Mrs. Percival B. Garvey, the Misses May Widdicombe, Zilla Eaton, Mary Bonnell, Estelle Putnam, Anna Calkins, Lucy Uhl, Sarah Smith, Messrs. Frank Marshall, Fred Deane, Louis Cody, Roland Lowe, Zac Ellis Knapp, Dr. Manning Birge, Dr. Harry Joy, Arthur Scovill.

Mrs. Sherrick's Musicals.

Mrs. John A. Sherrick of South Lafayette street entertained a few of her musical friends Wednesday evening. Those who attended were: Miss Edith Hawkins, Miss Josie Lindley, Miss Hickey, Mrs. Montgomery, the Misses Winnie and Lulu Sherrick, J. W. Martin, Ernest Ellis, Dr. Harry M. M. Martin, Ernest Kopley and a few others. Vocal, piano, violin, guitar, banjo and clarinet music were enjoyed. A parlor luncheon was served.

Unity Social Circle.

The young people of Unity Church Social circle met Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Matthews of North Prospect street. Frank Bryant is president of the club. The subject of the literary program of the evening evening was a discussion of the social condition of ancient people. Miss Holm gave an address on some of the customs of ancient Egypt and Greece, and Miss Stella Randolph gave a paper on Greece.

Walter Rosenthal's Party.

On Tuesday evening Walter Rosenthal entertained a party of his friends in his home on North Lafayette street. The evening was spent in a jolly manner with cards, music and story telling. A fine supper was served. The guests were Eugene Worles, Carroll Perkins, Randolph, Earle, William Kiesel, Fred Eade, Bert Hazeltine, Henry Ideus, Stuart Knappen, Henry Hall, Bruce Dyer.

Miss Robinson's Reception.

Miss May Robinson of Madison avenue entertained a party of her young friends in honor of Miss Frances Horne, Wednesday afternoon. Her guests were the Misses Horne, Julia Hawkins, Miss Widdicombe, Stella Champlin, Bessie Herkner, Bessie Widdicombe, May Widdicombe, Miss Richards of Chicago, Julia Hawkins, Grace Granby, Helen Putnam, Estelle Putnam, Severance, Clara Wood, Donna Moore, Jessie Sisson, Bessie Barnett, Zilla Eaton, Messrs. Charles Withey, Ralph Widdicombe, Ben Robinson, A. D. Bathison, Ed Avery, F. Marshall, Jack Avery, Crocker, Cass and Littleton Shelby, Burn Hazeltine, Frank Marshall, Randolph Hawkins, Will and Carroll Perkins, James Barnett, Robert Griswold, Bert Cobb and friend, John Seymour, Fred Deane, O. Hughart, Will Granger, Louis Cody, Cass Shelby, John Faulkner, Harvey Wonderly, Littleton Shelby, Charles Fox, Chester Shepard, David Uhl, John Rodgett, Roland Lowe, Robert Barnard, Harry Ogden.

"AFTER THE BALL-OT."

That confidence is being rapidly restored there can no longer be the faintest doubt.

The enormous crowds who daily attend Spring & Company's phenomenal Depression Sale, and the liberality with which people are stocking up with everything necessary for home and personal comfort are sledgehammer arguments in favor of a new era of prosperity. In our prices we have fixed the incentive for such marvelous results.

Actually and without reserve given the public access to a stock of goods which cost in round numbers

A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS

the aggregation of the world's choicest products.

Thousand throughout the city and the great state of Michigan without stopping to give reasons and who have beheld with their own eyes, will tell you that the present century never chronicled a combination of circumstances so fragrant with opportunities as we now offer to those with a little ready cash.

It is a season when goods of the best and most reputable make are forced to compete with merchandise of an obscure origin and doubtful reliability.

In the face of this handicap we have fearlessly reduced our prices below the lowest, and are open to the world for comparison.

We'll keep the crowds coming to Spring & Company's as long as these prices prevail.

A CLOAK CRASH.

275 Long Cloaks at \$1.50
\$1.75 and \$2 and many of them worth from \$5 to \$8.

419 Cloaks, worth \$3.50, will go like a flash at \$1.75.

227 beautiful Garments, worth \$4.50, at \$2.25.

97 Cloaks worth \$6 at \$3.

102 Cloaks, worth \$7, at \$3.15.

71 Cloaks worth \$8.50 at \$4.25.

10,000 Cloaks cut squarely in two.

213 Cloaks, worth \$12, at \$6.21.

Fur Capes, all sizes, at one-half price.

74 real Avtrachan Sacks, sold everywhere for \$50, at \$35 each.

236 \$25 Cloaks for ten dollar bill each.

Seven dollars and a half will buy \$15 Cloaks.

Children's Cloaks in endless variety, at \$6, \$7 and \$8, worth \$12, \$13, \$14 and \$15.

One lot Rain Coats will be cast in the hopper at 48c each.

DRESS GOODS SENTENCED.

One lot mixed and plain Suitings at 10c per yard.

One lot Striped Material for 15c worth 2 quarter.

One lot finer grade in plain design at 19c.

One lot Storm Serge at 23c per yard.

One Hopsacking, very stylish, at 23c.

One lot all wool Suitings at 35 and 37c per yard.

One lot Exquisite Plaids at 42c.

One lot Mixed Suitings at 50c, 54-inch wide.

MORE TEN-YARD DRESS PATTERNS.

In the wake of last week's phenomenal sale we offer several hundred Dress patterns to first callers this week, at 75c, 85c and 1.00 for ten full yards. They will be found exceptional values and the best investment you ever made.

SKIRT PATTERNS IN WOOL.

103 all wool, several styles at 79c each.

91 all wool, fancy designs, at 98c each.

113 all wool, better grades, at 1.15 each.

79 all wool, rare quality, at 1.25 each.

LADIES' COMBINATION SUITS.

One lot Merino at 88c.

One lot merino at 1.00.

One lot merino at 1.20.

One lot merino at 1.60.

One lot all wool at 1.98.

One lot all wool at 2.45.

LADIES' VESTS AND PANTS.

At reduced price, they are now 34c, 42c, 63c and 85c.

The minimum prices have been reached in all lines of Ladies' and Children's underwear.

LADIES AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY.

All wool at 17c, 27c, 34c, 42c, 63c and 71c per pair.

Great reductions in Ladies' and Children's Cotton and Fleece-lined Hosiery.

IN BLANKETS WE ARE KING.

We offer an exceedingly beautiful variety of nice, soft, light Blankets at 63c, 75c, 83c, 95c, 1.00, 1.25, 1.40 up

Kid Gloves from 48c to 1.60.

Ribbs as per yard, 1c, 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c and upward.

Fur Muffs at 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00.

Ladies' Corsets at 42c, 55c, 63c, 71c, 85c, 1.00.

Like counting the sands of the sea to enumerate everything in a stock so vast as ours. To read it all would prove tedious to you. Therefore accept the above as a criterion for all. Come and you will find that the goods you want have been before the price reducing magistrate and sentenced to be sold at a great sacrifice. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.

Respectfully,

SPRING & COMPANY.



THE VICTORIA REGIA.

you will probably receive within a short time after your arrival a letter from some person you never knew, and never heard of, asking you for an order on the superintendent for some choice ferns, palms or hanging baskets to be filled at their own suggestion. Perhaps the letter comes from some resident of Washington for there are many here who are on the outlook for new members of congress, especially those who do not bring their families with them. Or it may come from one of your own constituents, who is well versed in all the congressional perquisites. So it will not be long before you learn that there is a vast variety of things besides seeds and congressional reports, which only await your order informing the custodians where the articles may be sent.

Each member of congress is entitled to a certain amount from the botanical gardens each year—the kind and the amount being, of course, subject to the rules of the superintendent. If a senator should send for one of the rare specimens of palms or cacti, it is very doubtful about the request being honored. The last specimen of a rare plant would not be given under any circumstances. The most of the orders sent in are for roses, geraniums and



THE PALM HOUSE.

blooming plants, of which there is a great supply. If the representative or senator prefers to have his quota of plants sent to his greenhouse in his native town or city, he is furnished by the clerk of the house of representatives with a wooden shipping box, in which the plants are securely packed and shipped by express to their proper destination.

Upon entering the botanical gardens by the west gate you will notice on each side of the broad walk an endless variety of cacti, in all of the varied conditions of growth and scatchiness. Some seem to grow after ideas peculiar to their species, so if their chief charm lay in their scrawny ugliness, others are very pretty and would help wonderfully to adorn any conservatory or bay window. This avenue extends for about two hundred and fifty feet, when the decorations of the avenue change and you find yourself amid an avenue of palms.

You may have heard by the great variety of cacti, but you will certainly notice among the chosen collection of palms, gathered from every quarter of the globe, where palms grow.

After the thick of October you will see that this main avenue decorated with palms, as they are moved about